GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 2/12

He did not strive to overcome a lack,
Since He lacks nothing, perfect in His light.
For, limitless, who once could limit Him?
Unsearchable, what compass could aspire
To measure one who is immeasurable?
Invisible, no-one has gazed on Him.
He is eternal, since He always was.
Ineffable, no-one has read His mind.
He is unnamed, beyond all register,
His light unguaged, His state immaculate.
He is the One who contemplates Himself,
The source, the spring of living water, pure,
That issues into all the spirit realms.
In all directions He beholds His face
Within the pure reflection of this pool,
The living water rippling all around.
Yet self-perception - She who was conceived
Within the brilliance of His brightness - came
To birth, the primal potency before
The All, begotten from a pregnant mind.
She was the perfect Forethought of the All.
Her light shone like His light - the perfect power,
The image of the One who is unseen,
The virgin spirit perfect in all things.
She was His thought, His image; She became
The womb of All, yet no true precedent
Of upstart Sophia, who thought a thought
Proceeding in entirety from herself,
And not from anything begot by One.

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